



Copyright 1916
FULTON COUNTY TRIBUNE

SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. F. W. Kynaston, were stopped by Mexican border patrol camp commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate reports of Villa's men raiding the territory.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Day after day he had sat by his tent watching the little parties of rebel horse riding the line on the lookout for the Americans who should succeed in evading the law that prohibited gun running; for in those days almost any one would take a chance with a rifle worth its weight in coined silver and cartridges selling openly for fifteen cents apiece. And gun running was made easier by the reason of the fact that the smuggler must be caught red-handed in the act of carrying the arms across the very line itself; for any American citizen could legally own a thousand rifles within ten feet of the boundary.

"It's the same old tale, of course," reflected Kynaston as he trotted leisurely down the gentle slope that led to the Santa Mesa flats, from which the land sloped up to the Great Ranges, where the miners were praying for peace that should allow them to work undisturbed the great ore beds that held the wealth of the ages. "Twenty miles, I suppose, and then a rifle back—what in it, corporal?" Corporal Welsh had been back from the "point" of three men that was riding in advance of the rebels who were giving warning of any rebels who might be on the road.

"It's firing, sir, I think, off to the southeast. Listen, sir."

It was firing beyond a doubt. The men sat with intent faces, listening to the sporadic sputter of the shots. The scratch of a match as a man lit a cigarette broke the silence. Kynaston raised his right hand over his head, the flat clenched, and raised and lowered it quickly three times. The little squad automatically formed in column of twos and broke into a steady trot, following closely on the heels of their officer as he pushed on up the valley which, they well knew, opened out beyond the trees.

Up, up, they passed the live animal away to and fro, rubbing its sides against a tree. "Sorry, old fellow, but I can't help you there, either," he said pleasantly. "I can't rob Peter to pay Paul, more especially," he added sotto voce, "as I am morally sure that Paul is about ten degrees worse than Peter."

Far away against the southern sky they saw the tall hills of the Villa revolutionists outlined among the grass stems and the dark shadows of the mesquite. Occasional flashes of red fire from the summit of the hill showed where their line was formed. Instinctively, Kynaston looked for the men at whom they were firing. To his left he saw a stirring among the bushes; even as he watched he saw the defenders move out in an attempt to gain the American side of the line. There were about twenty of them; they came down the hillside as a true fall, intent only on gaining the sure refuge of the line of pollard willows that marked the limit of Mexican territory. That the Villistas were after them could not be doubted, for there was a mad dash of horsemen swirling down the hill as chips sank into a whirlpool. The fleeing Carranzistas, seeing the intent in their enemies' gait, and knowing right well what would happen should they come to hand grips with their pursuers, poured across the international line almost in front of Kynaston. The leader, a very young, dark bearded captain of infantry, came forward somewhat breathlessly.

"Senior captain, I kiss your hands and feet!"

Kynaston had the grace to look at those salutations and feet, and seeing that they were in condition to be embraced as was suggested, grinned behind his hand as he made answer: "I am very glad to meet you. You are familiar, I presume, with the requirements of international law when an armed party crosses the line of a neutral state? Surrender must be made at once, and your party will be interned at some point to be designated later by the proper authorities."

"Of a certainty!" He reached back and, unbalancing his silver-mounted machete, swung it forward gracefully.

"Senior," he said, "behold my little sword!"

"Confound your little sword, sir, I don't see why the deuce you people can't have your lights so far within your own borders that we will not have to mount guard over you. Every blessed one of you, when he starts a fight, gets one foot on the American line and then thumbs his nose at the other party. If you did it twenty miles south of the line you'd be caught. I'd rather see you in the hands of the other party."

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Corporal Welsh rounded them up and was driving them well into American territory when a shout from the pursuing party made him turn. An officer clad in a French military cap, a Mexican blouse, very dirty white trousers, and straw slippers, rode forward, saluting Kynaston punctiliously.

"I have the honor to request, sir," he said courteously, "that in accordance with the terms of the treaty that has existed between our two countries

the raiders who have just crossed into American territory be turned back to answer to Mexican law."

"They've got a job, sir," commented Corporal Welsh. "They ain't got no law except what they make while they wait."

"I am sorry, sir, but it is impossible—that is, unless they desire to be returned to Mexican control."

Kynaston's eyes twinkled as he soberly asked the referee officer if he desired to be so returned. In answer, that gentleman, standing not upon ceremony, openly belted fifty yards farther into American territory. The American cavalrymen grinned appreciatively.

"If you cannot deliver the prisoners I make formal requisition on you, senior, for the loads of those pack mules. Those men have come from General Zapata in the south and have looked as they came. Houses, men, women, and children, say, senior, and even the convents have not been sacred from them."

"Money, jewels, and treasures have been taken, and they have left the land bare behind them as the rice fields of the South when the flight of the landowner has passed."

"I ask that this lot be returned to me to be returned to the men who owned it. That mule yonder is loaded with the treasure that they have stolen for the purpose of using it to buy arms and ammunition to help their tottering cause."

He pointed to the pack mule as he spoke, and Kynaston saw that the aspero fairly bulged with ill-concealed

packages that showed plainly as the animal swayed to and fro, rubbing its sides against a tree.

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Afternoon Gown With Adjustable Cape



Although it made its bow somewhat earlier in the season, this gown was in the vanguard of fashions and its strong points are emphasized now, since they are all approved styles. The skirt shows a commendable method of managing the flare by means of panel at the front, an inverted Y-shaped yoke at each side, supporting full side pieces, and two panels that meet at the center of the back. Each of these panels is formed by deep inverted plaits, so that the skirt sets trimly about the hips. It is finished at the bottom with a heavy silk-covered cord.

The bodice blouse is in cut with a drop shoulder, and the arm-eye is finished with a narrow hem. The long, tapering sleeve is set in under this hem in the same manner as the side pieces in the skirt are set in the yoke. The bodice blouse at the front and a joined to the skirt under a plain taffeta girde.

The cape is an accessory for street wear, which is taken off indoors. It adds very little in the way of warmth or protection but much in distinctive style. A gown of this kind will look well in any of the quiet colors in which taffeta is made and in the dark or changeable tones.

Overall-Aprons and Breakfast Suits



Those who specialize in certain lines of apparel have demonstrated that the most utilitarian of garments may be made by the use of fancy materials. This is demonstrated in the overall-aprons, which answer the purpose of house-dresses in summertime, and in the new breakfast suits which have an attraction all their own.

These useful garments are turned out by manufacturers and retailed through shops at a lower price than they can be made for at home, if the housewife's time is counted in as worth anything. The overall-aprons are described by their names and they are designed to be slipped on and fastened in the quickest way possible. They cover the dress completely and are perfect garments for housework.

There is a surprising number of styles in them to choose from, and they are priced in the neighborhood of a dollar. Heavy percales, ginghams and chambrays, or any of the strong cotton materials that stand tubing well are used for them. The colors are nearly white, with stripes in combination with white in great favor. An example is shown in the picture, made of lavender and white striped percale, piped with a broader stripe in the same color and finished with a tie of plain lavender chambray.

Breakfast suits are made of the same cotton fabrics or of plain unbleached cottons, trimmed with striped materials. They are in two pieces, with plain skirts faced up at the bottom with a striped border, and middie blouses with either the plain or striped goods. Belted blouses, with short sports coats in shape, make a pretty variation in style.

These "breakfast sets" retail around three dollars and are used for all sorts of morning wear, indoor and out, in summer or winter. They are better for the summer outing than two or three of these smart and practical suits that come out crisp and bright from the laundry.

Julia Bonnelly

Puffs and Curls.

With the advent of the very large hat the necessity for increasing the bulk of hair beneath it has automatically suggested puffs and little ringlets. That the Stuart collection is almost universally becoming will be a great point in its favor and a very little practice is sufficient to achieve skill by an amateur. The hairdressers say that no fashion of dressing the hair is so healthful for tresses as accented puffs and light twists.

Square Crowns.

Some of the new straw hats have square crowns.

Separate Skirts.

There is always something new to be said on the subject of separate skirts, for these articles are much more charming and diversified than they have been for many seasons. The all-white corduroy, linen or gabardine skirt is a thing of the past. Fashion favors stripes, checks, broad plaids and all kinds of novelty decorations. One very smart model was made of Shantung silk with old-gold stripes. It was quite plain and very flaring. The stripes were sufficient trimming.

PUT UP IN SMALL PARCELS

A recent official estimate gave New Zealand a population of 1,161,745. Argentina requires imported potatoes to be accompanied by certificates showing that they were grown in sanitary areas.

His Superiority.

"Now that you have partaken of a good dinner," said the farmer's wife, "are you equal to the task of saving some wood?"

"Madam," replied the unlauded hobo, "equal isn't the proper word; I am superior to it."

Lost Liners.

It seems incredible that a ship could utterly vanish, but that such an occurrence is possible is shown by the long list of liners that have been lost with all hands in the wide Atlantic. There was the President, with 136 souls on board, which utterly vanished in 1841; then the City of Glasgow, with her 480 passengers and crew, which disappeared without a trace in 1854; and two years later the Pacific, which sailed from Liverpool with 230 aboard and was nevermore heard of. The Tempest, another big liner, vanished in 1859, the City of Boston in 1870, six years ago, and of the fate that befell them the world has never yet gained tidings and probably never will.

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